

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Thursday
Noon Series

12:10 pm • WALTER HALL
EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

INGRID ATTROT, soprano

Winner of the 1986 ECKHARDT-GRAMATTE

National Music Competition

Walter Hall, 12:10 pm

Thursday, October 9, 1986

Ingrid Attrot, soprano

Che Anne Loewen, piano

PROGRAMME

From the Italienisches Liederbuch:

HUGO WOLF
(1860-1903)

Nein, junger Herr
Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
Mein Liebster ist so klein
Mein Liebster singt am Haus
Schweig' einmal still
Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen

Cage d'oiseau

SERGE GARANT
(b. 1929)

The Poet's Echo

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913-1976)

Echo
My heart...
Angel
The Nightingale and the Rose
Epigram
Lines written during a sleepless night

Opus 12

ANTON VON WEBERN
(1883-1945)

Der Tag ist vergangen
Die geheimnisvolle Flöte
Schien mir's, als ich sah die Sonne
Gleich und gleich

Private Collection

JOHN WEINZWEIG
(b. 1913)

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INGRID ATTROT began her studies at the Victoria Conservatory of Music and continued at the University of Toronto, where she graduated from the Opera Division in 1985. While at the Faculty, she performed such roles as the Countess in Mozart's **Figaro**, Meg Page in Vaughan Williams' **Sir John in Love**, Mary Warren in Robert Ward's **The Crucible**, and Maria in Respighi's **Maria Sgiziaca**. In 1981, she toured Canada with Opera Piccola.

Miss Attrot has studied with Silena James in her native Victoria, Mary Morrison (Toronto), and Vera Rozsa (London), with whom she is currently studying on a Canada Council grant. She has performed in masterclasses with Elizabeth Schwarzkopf in London and has recently been made a member of that city's National Opera Studio.

Among the many awards which she has won are those of the Community Arts Council of Greater Victoria, the B.C. Cultural Fund, the Canadian Opera Women's Committee, the Canadian Aldeburgh Foundation, and the Canada Council.

As winner of the 1986 Eckhardt-Gramatté National Music Competition, Miss Attrot is currently on a tour of eleven Canadian cities. She was, in addition, awarded the prize for the best performance of the commissioned work, **Song of Solomon/Cantique des cantiques**, by Vancouver composer Stephen Chatman.

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Born in Steinbach, Manitoba, **CHE ANNE LOEWEN** studied at Wilfrid Laurier University, where she graduated with the Gold Medal. She continued in the Master's programme at the University of Southern California, working with Gwendolyn Koldofsky and Brooks Smith, and she received the award for outstanding accompanist upon her graduation in 1982. Further studies and performances have taken her to London, Paris, Vienna, and Munich.

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This tour is being sponsored by the S.C. Eckhardt-Gramatté National Music Competition. 1986 marked the tenth anniversary of the competition.

TEXTS AND NOTES

From the ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH

HUGO WOLF

(xii) Mein, junger Herr

Kein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;
Man sorgt dafür, sich schlicklich zu betragen.
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?
Doch bessere suchst du dir an Feiertagen.
Mein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,
Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen künd'gen.

Oh no, young sir

Oh no, young sir, you can't carry on like this -
You must try and behave properly!
I'm good enough for weekdays aren't I?
But you look for something better on Sundays.
Oh no, young sir, if you go on like this,
Your weekday sweetheart'll give you her notice!

(xix) Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.
Die Engel, die herab vom Himmel fliegen,
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgefliegen,
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.

We were silent a long time

We were silent a long time -
All at once our speech returned.
Angels flew down from heaven
And after our hostility brought peace again.
God's angels flew down and with them came peace.
Angels of love came in the night,
And brought peace to my heart.

(xv) Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er von einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt' er sich ins Haus um zu verschnaufen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Marenmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst, so tief muss bücken!

My sweetheart is so small

My sweetheart is so small, that even without
stooping
He sweeps the room with his hair.
When he went into the garden to gather jasmine,
He was badly frightened by a snail.
He went and sat down indoors to get his breath,
But a fly knocked him over backwards.
When he stepped up to my window,
A horsefly bumped into his head.
A curse on all flies and gnats,
And all those with sweethearts from Maremma!
A curse on all flies and midges
And all those who have to stoop so low to kiss.

(xx) Mein Liebster singt am Haus

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine,
Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab' ich geweint,
Weiss nicht vor Tränen, ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett weint' ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht die blut'gen Tränen.

My beloved sings by the house

My beloved sings by the house in the moonlight,
And I must lie listening here in bed.
I turn away from my mother, and weep;
The tears are my blood, tears that I cannot stem.
I have wept a broad stream of them by my bed;
I cannot see for tears if it is day.
In my longing I have wept a broad stream by my
bed;
The tears of my blood have blinded me.

(xliii) Schweig' einmal still

Schweig' einmal still, du garst'ger Schwätzer dort!
Zum Ekel ist mir dein verwünschtes Singen.
Und triebst du es bis morgen früh so fort,
Doch würde dir kein schmuckes Lied gelingen.
Schweig' einmal still und lege dich aufs Ohr!
Das Ständchen eines Esels zög' ich vor.

Be quiet

Be quiet there, you garrulous wretch!
I am sick of your cursed singing,
And even if you carried on till morning,
You wouldn't come out with a single decent song.
Be quiet once and for all, and go to bed!
I'd rather have a donkey's serenade!

(viii) Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben,
Zu lang ist's schon, dass wir in Fehde liegen.
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?
Es schliessen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,
Und sollten Liebende nicht darnach dürsten?
Es schliessen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,
Und sollt' es zwei Verliebten wohl missraten?
Meinst du, dass, was so grossen Herrn gelingt,
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringt?

Now let us make our peace

Now let us make our peace, my dearest life,
Our feud has lasted far too long.
If you will not give way, I will yield to you;
How could we fight to the death?
Kings and princes, they make peace -
Should lovers then not crave it?
Princes and soldiers make peace -
Can two lovers be defeated?
Do you think that where great men succeed,
Two contented hearts can fail?

CAGE D'OISEAU

SERGE GARANT

I am a bird cage a cage of bone with a bird
The bird which makes its nest in my cage of bone
is death
Doesn't he want to fly away?
Is it you that will hold it back? Is it me? What
is it?
He cannot go away until he has eaten all my heart
He will have my soul in his beak

THE POET'S ECHO

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Echo

From leafy woods the savage howl,
A distant horn, the thunder's roll,
A maiden singing up the hill,
To every sound
Your answering cry the air doth fill in quick
rebound.

You listen for the thunder's voice,
The ocean wave's wild stormy noise,
The distant mountain-shepherd's cries
You answer free;
To you comes no reply. Likewise
O poet, to thee!

My heart...

My heart, I fancied it was over,
That road of suffering and pain,
And I resolved: 'Tis gone for ever,
Never again! Never again!
That ancient rapture and its yearning,
The dreams, the credulous desire...
but now old wounds have started burning
Inflamed by beauty and her fire.

Angel

At Eden's gate a gentle angel
With lowered head stood shining bright,
While Satan sullen and rebellious
O'er Hell's abysses took his flight.

Soul of negation, soul of envy,
He gazed at that angelic light,
And warm and tender glowed within him
A strange confusion at the sight.

"Forgive," he said, "Now I have seen thee,
Not vainly didst thou shine so bright:
Not all in heaven have I hated,
Not all things human earn my spite."

The Nightingale and the Rose

The garden's dark and still; 'tis spring; no night
wind blows.

He sings! The nightingale, his love song to the
rose.

She does not hearken, his rose beloved, disdainful,
And to his amorous hymn, she dozed, nodding and
swaying.

With such words would you melt cold beauty into
fire?

O poet, be aware how far you would aspire!
She is not listening, no poems can entrance her;
You gaze; she only flowers; you call her; there's
no answer.

Epigram

Half a milord, half of a boss,
Half of a sage, half of a baby,
Half of a cheat; there's hope that maybe
He'll be a whole one by and by.

Lines written during a sleepless night

Sleep forsakes me with the light;
Shadowy gloom and haunting darkness;
Time ticks on its way relentless
And its sound invades the night.
Fateful crones are at their mumbling,
Set the sleepy night atrembling,
Scurrying mouse-like, life slips by...
Why do you disturb me, say?
What's your purpose, tedious whispers?
Do you breathe reproachful murmurs
At my lost and wasted day?
What is this you want to tell me?
Do you prophecy or call me?
Answer me, I long to hear!
Voices, make your meaning clear...

OPUS 12

ANTON VON WEBERN

Der Tag ist vergangen: Day has passed

Day has passed
Night is here
Good night, Blessed Virgin,
Stay with me always,

Day has passed
Night is coming;
To the dead also
Give eternal rest.

Die geheimnisvolle Flöte: The mysterious flute

One evening, when the flowers smelt sweet,
The wind bore towards me
The sound of a far-off flute.
Then I cut a twig from the willow,
And my answering song flew
Through the blossoming night.

Since that evening, when the earth is asleep,
The birds hear a colloquy in their own language.

Schien mir's, als ich sah die Sonne: When I saw the Sun, I seemed...

When I saw the sun, I seemed to see the Hidden
One.

Every man enjoys his works,
Happy, if he does what is good.
Do not expiate your rash deed
With evil:
Comfort him you have saddened,
Be kind and you will thrive.
Only the wrongdoer lives in fear;
It is good to live free from guilt.

Gleich und gleich: Like to like

A little flower bell
Had early sprung
From the ground
In lovely blossom.
A little bee came
And sipped at it gently-
These two must be
Made for each other.

Private Collection

JOHN WEINZWEIG

Private Collection is an open set of songs for soprano voice and piano with lyrics and music by the composer. Most were composed in 1975; a few have been extracted from **Triologue** (1971). They are about anything: an experience, an observation, or a fleeting impression. Since they are a collection of individual songs, the singer may select any one or more for presentation.

I heard...

While composing at my summer home my concentration was broken by a bird that sang a motive of repeated tones, then repeated it after short intervals in longer and shorter variants. Although my composing activity usually is immune to songs of nature, this bird had me guessing, "Which one now?" After several days of this distraction I decided to retaliate in my own way: I wrote a song incorporating the bird's basic melody. From then on the White Breasted Sparrow lost its hold over me.

Says what!

A monologue of nonsense syllables combining slang and scat in phonetic rhythms of pitched sounds and whispers.

Hello Rico

A frequently overheard adolescent conversation in which the telephone conveys more anxiety than communication.

Echoes

Vocalise phrases coloured by blues inflections in conversation with short piano motives.

Questions

In the mood of a folk song.

Oh, that I were (from TRIALOGUE - 1971)

Random reflections.

My dear etcetera (from TRIALOGUE - 1971)

A letter.

Love love love

"Sweet love is not wot it was." A parody in the manner of 16th century English love songs that recounts the trials of love with over-wrought affectations, broad operatic gestures, mixing nonsense syllables of the Elizabethan era with scat sounds of the modern jazz singer.

Notes for **Private Collection** by JOHN WEINZWEIG

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UPCOMING EVENTS AT THE FACULTY OF MUSIC

- October 15** **UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
Michel Tabachnik, conductor; **Leslie Newman**, flute
Works by **WAGNER, STRAVINSKY**, and **IBERT**
MacMillan Theatre 8:00 pm \$8/\$5 Student/Senior
- October 17** **Luciano Berio and Musicus Concentus: An evening of music & dance**
Presented in co-operation with the Royal Conservatory of Music and Istituto Italiano di Cultura
Walter Hall 8:00 pm FREE
- October 21** **UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO WIND SYMPHONY**
Wayne Jeffrey, conductor; **Peter Stoll**, clarinet
Works by **R. STRAUSS, SCHWANTNER, STRAVINSKY, WALTON, M.J. BAKER**, and **GINASTERA**
MacMillan Theatre 8:00 pm \$3 General Admission
- October 23** **THURSDAY NOON SERIES**
"Music as a Therapeutic Tool"
Lecture presented by **Sara Jacobovici**
Walter Hall 12:10 pm FREE
- October 29** An evening of music by
Karel Husa
Walter Hall 8:00 pm \$3 General Admission
- October 30** **THURSDAY NOON SERIES**
Robert Silverman, piano
Walter Hall 12:10 pm FREE
- October 31** Opening concert of the ICM/CMC Conference:
"HELLO OUT THERE! - Canada's new music in the world, 1950-85"
Mather-Lepage piano duo; **Judy Loman**, harp
Douglas Perry, viola; **William Aide**, piano
Works by **TURNER, BURKE, ETKIN, MATHER, WEINZWEIG**
Walter Hall 8:00 pm \$10/\$6 Students/Seniors